

#9 - LITTLE GIRLS

(Scene changes to Orphanage)



9

(Dialogue)

(Soprano Sax solo)



20

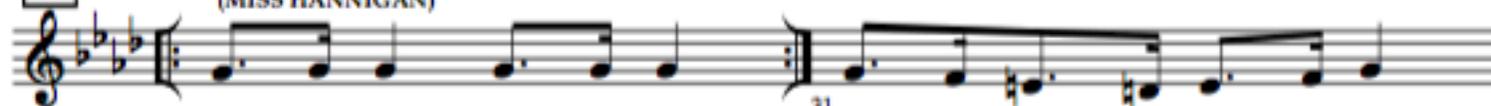


MISS HANNIGAN: Get to work, all of ya!

30

Vamp

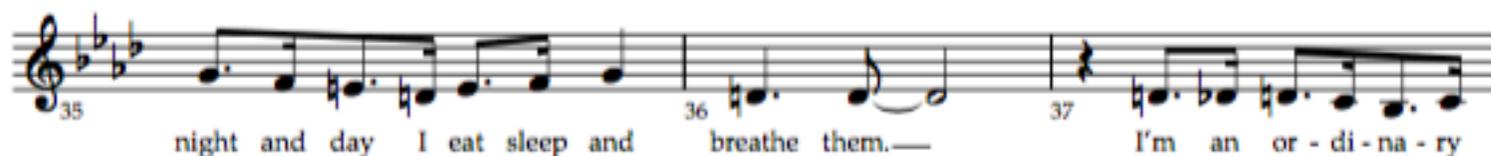
(MISS HANNIGAN)



Lit - tle girls, lit - tle girls, Ev - 'ry - where I turn I can



see them.— Lit - tle girls, lit - tle girls,



night and day I eat sleep and breathe them.— I'm an or - di - na - ry

38



wo - man with feel - ings. I'd like a man to nib - ble on my

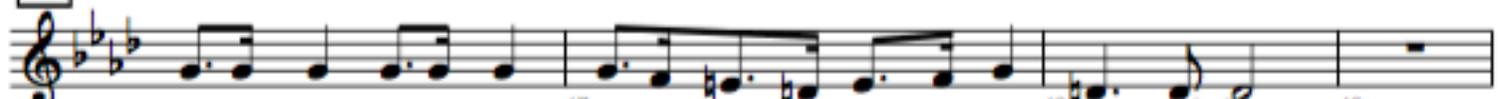


ear. But I'll ad - mit no man has bit, So



how come I'm the moth - er of the year?

46



Lit - tle cheeks, lit - tle teeth, ev - 'ry - thing a - round me is lit - tle. —



If I wring lit - tle necks, Sure - ly I would get an ac - quit - tall —

54



Some wom - en are drip - ping with dia - monds,



Some wom - en are drip - ping with pearls. Luck - y me! Luck - y me!



Look at what I'm drip - ping with: Lit - tle girls.

62 8

62-69

MISS HANNIGAN: Shut up!

70 *Safety*
(MISS HANNIGAN)

How I hate lit - tle shoes, lit - tle socks and each lit - tle

bloom - er. — I'd have cracked years a - go

If it weren't for my sense of hu - mor. —

78

Some day I'll step on their freck - les, Some night I'll straight - en their

curls. Send a flood, send the flu, An - y - thing that you can do to

lit - tle girls. —